

PEOPLE & THINGS

THE intricate operation of presenting the Election results on television, involving two studios and thirty-seven outside broadcast cameras, will be directed by the only critic ever to turn producer: Grace Wyndham Goldie.

Mrs. Wyndham Goldie is used to stress and strain. Using the words in a technician's strict sense, stress and strain were normal table topics during her unusual and peregriatory childhood. Her Scottish father is a civil engineer who has worked on the Assuan Dam and Avonmouth Docks, so she lived for some years on an island in the Nile, and her formal education was obtained at a French school in Alexandria, Cheltenham Ladies' College, Bristol University, and Somerville. At Bristol, she took a First Class in Modern History; at Somerville, a Second in Philosophy, Politics and Economics. It is doubtful if philosophy appealed very strongly to her conspicuously practical mind.

TV's Creative Force

NO producer's programmes have had a better Press than Grace Goldies. She started the Current Affairs Unit, and was responsible for Chester Wilmut's "Foreign Correspondent" series, Christopher Mayhew's "International Commentary," the series on "India's Challenge" which made Aidan Crawley's name, and the first Party Political Broadcasts on television. Talkative, incisive, well-turned-out, fond of good living and perfectly well able to forgo it in the sacred cause of work, she is one of the few strong creative forces operating in Lime Grove. She has earned the good will of serious critics by her insistence that presentation must not mean falsification. In her spare time, which is inconsiderable, she goes to the theatre (her husband is Frank Wyndham Goldie, the actor) and reads Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Trollope and Henry James. Miss Brontë would have approved of her.

Angelico

THIS year marks the fifth centenary of Friar John of Piesole, otherwise known as Fra Angelico Beato, and visitors to Rome this month and later to Florence will be able to see the greatest collection of his works ever put together in one exhibition.

The paintings are now in the Raphael Rooms of the Vatican Museum and are being moved in June to the Convent of San Marco in Florence, which already contains Angelico's most celebrated frescoes and the enormous "Tabernacle of the Linen Weavers." The exhibition includes "The Temptation of St. Anthony" which is on loan from the Museum of Houston, Texas.

Incidentally, Friar John, who became known as "Angelico" only after his death, was never officially beatified, though the title of "Beato" was given him by popular acclaim.

"Well-Written, Sir"

ALTHOUGH very Old Etonians may shudder to learn that the latest triangular contest with Harrow and Winchester in which their school is involved is a handwriting prize, they may gain com-

By ATTICUS

fort from the fact that Eton has just won it again for the fourth time.

The prize was donated by the Marquess of Cholmondeley in 1950 and so far Harrow has won it only twice and Winchester, that ancient home of British calligraphy, never. Even Harrow's win in 1953 may be held to have been a trifle unsporting since the champion was a Siamese, Prince Chatrachai, whose natural ability to write Oriental script allowed him, in italic, to make mincemeat of those who had been reared on pothooks.

It was perhaps appropriate that a Harmsworth won the senior prize this year and that the runner-up was a Hornby, son of Mr. Michael Hornby, a director of W. H. Smith and Son and grandson of St. John Hornby, the great typographer and founder of the Ashendene Press.

Wedgwood Revival

ALTHOUGH there are two Wedgwood Societies in America—in Boston and Philadelphia—the first Wedgwood Society in England has just been formed under the chairmanship of Sir George Barnes, Director of Television Broadcasting, who has a fine collection of early Wedgwood patterns.

The vice-chairman is Mr. Morley Hewitt, famous authority on Staffordshire wares, and the committee includes Mr. Loraine Conran.



The Great Josiah.

Curator of the Iveagh Bequest, and Mr. Tom Lyth, Curator of the Wedgwood Museum at Barlestone.

The honorary treasurer is Mr. Duff Dunbar, whose set of Wedgwood chessmen, modelled after Flaxman, are on show at the Royal Academy Flaxman exhibition, and the headquarters of the Society, which is now open to public membership, are at Kenwood House, Hampstead.

Wedgwood has for two hundred years been more honoured in America than in England. He publicly supported America in the War of Independence and his work was a perfect embellishment for the Adams colonial style of architecture which, from Vermont cottage to Georgia mansion, has created an architectural tradition of the common man which I doubt any country in the world has equalled.

S.S. Black Maria

AGRISLY prop of contemporary history is in process of being broken up in St. Nazaire—the

prison ship La Martiniere, which carried French convicts to the penal settlement of Devil's Island. In her day La Martiniere, which belongs to a private company and was chartered twice a year by the prison authorities, was probably the most terrible ship sailing the seas. Her passenger lists included some of the most celebrated murderers and criminals, many of whom were making their second trip after escape, and often as many as 800 convicts were crammed behind bars in her holds.

The voyage across the Atlantic took twenty-three days, and when the ship rolled the convicts were hurled from side to side. The discipline was ferocious, and offenders were chained nude in dark holes near the keel. Then, on one trip in 1931, La Martiniere carried a stowaway. He was Luc Dornain, a Paris newspaperman, who got aboard and sailed with the convicts. His account of the ghastly voyage helped to get the Devil's Island and Cayenne Settlements condemned and, ultimately, La Martiniere sent to the scrap heap.

Hons. Ils Soient

AN heraldic minutia, which caused fluttering in belted doves some time ago, has just been settled. Some time ago one of the peerage annuals stated on the authority, it claimed, of the Lord Great Chamberlain's Department, that peers below the rank of Marquess were not entitled to the prefix "Rt. Hon."

The statement that the Lord Great Chamberlain had given any such ruling was promptly denied, although normally communications from the House of Lords itself, from the College of Arms, and from the Lord Great Chamberlain's Department eschew grandiloquence and prefix a peer's title only with a chaste "The."

But the Earls, Viscounts and Barons are after all not to be stripped of the weightier preface, for authority has now investigated the point and decided that they are all "Rt. Hon."

Personally, in my correspondence with my peers (even with Marquesses, who are "Most Hon." or Dukes, who are "Most Noble"), I shall continue to confine my preamble to the definite article.

True Life Story

SPLENDIDLY eccentric things happen around us all the time.

A young Hollywood producer, who is English by birth, arrived last week at the Savoy Hotel. He has a passion for praying mantises and keeps them as pets in his Hollywood apartment. Wishing to share his affection for these enchanting insects with his mother-country, he secretly brought in a consignment of 6,000 praying mantis eggs which he proposed to distribute among enlightened members of his wide circle of English friends, thus enriching their lives and our fauna with this exotic but quite harmless insect.

Failure of a Mission

BUT forces are at work which resent any tampering with natural selection.

The young man sequestered his 6,000 eggs in his bedroom at the Savoy and assumed that he had plenty of time to complete his labour of love before the eggs were due to hatch in early June, when the greenfly on which the young feed is plentiful.

But he had reckoned without the Savoy central heating, and one day last week he woke up, he tells me, to find his bedroom literally crawling with infant mantises.

Grief-stricken, but appalled at the probable reactions of the hotel management, he opened the window and frenziedly shovelled out the ruins of his gift to England. And, if there is enough greenfly in the Embankment Gardens, we shall shortly be reading the next chapter of this poignant story in the daily Press.

For Men Only

THE Manchester (New Hampshire, U.S.A.) Board of Recreation recently resolved that women and children could no longer use the Municipal Golf course on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Three lady golfers with handicaps averaging twenty-five went to court claiming the order deprived them of their Constitutional Rights.

The New Hampshire Supreme Court has just ruled against them on the grounds that the Municipal Board was merely acting "to protect the playing public as a whole. Women are separately classified with children not because of sex but because of the manner of playing golf."

Too Late

"ROYAL Nevada Hotel opening Las Vegas, Nevada, April 19, wishes bonafide royalty, rank of Duke or better, to be hosts to other guests. Please write Sid Wyman, managing director, enclosing snapshot and credentials." (Advertisement in the "Journal American" quoted by "The New Yorker.")